



KLONDYKE INDIANS.

# Our Klondyke Pioneers.

Described by Major Southall.

It is no small satisfaction to the mind of a Salvationist to know that in far Alaska, now thronged with excited gold-hunters, there is planted the Blood and Fire banner, and that that godless crowd is not without those who will remind the seekers of the Pearl of Great Price which will remain when their hard-earned wealth has faded.

Interviewed by a representative of the Detroit Journal, Major Southall gives the following interesting particulars of the invasion of this new Salvation field. "Yes," he said, "our flag is now planted in the snow at Juneau. Thus far we have sent but two Officers, Captain Stalger, of New Westminster, and Lieutenant 'Bookbinder,' of Vancouver, but in the spring several others may attempt the hazardous journey. We would not have invaded Alaska this winter had it not been for one of our San Francisco soldiers, C. H. Dale by name, who after two years in the new Eldorado returned home and was converted a few months ago in an Army Barracks. He was immensely successful in Alaska, having come into possession of three mine, each of them valued at several thousand dollars. After his conversion in 'Prisco, he made a request to the Northern Headquarters at New York that two of our Officers accompany him back to Juneau, pledging to support them, my all expenses of the trip, and see that they were made as comfortable as possible."

A dispatch from San Francisco, referring to the embarkation of Dale and his unformed comrades, says: "Dale is the owner of three mines, and since he was converted, on a visit to this city three months ago, he has given much of his wealth to charity. He is known to all old Californians as Old Hank, a nickname bestowed upon him by Mark Twain, in a San Andreas saloon, many years ago. "Hank was a friend of Bret Harte, also, and knew all the boys who were shifty with their guns in the early days. He has mined and owned mines in every quarter of the globe, and made money out of them all. He may dig for gold on the Klondyke, but will devote most of his time and attention to Salvation Army work, and to caring for the sick and needy. "A miner returned from Yukon to Great Falls, Mont., recently, and declared that he saw 2,000 graves of prospectors who had fallen while in quest of gold. This fact shows how urgently needed are those who will tell to the gold-seekers the truths of the Gospel," says Major Southall.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the Salvation Army, published by John M. C. Horn, S. A. Printing House, 12 Albert Street, Toronto.

# REMEMBER OCTOBER'S GREAT WAR C

THE 15th ANNIVERSARY OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA

TORONTO, SEPT. 25, 1897.

WILLIAM BOOTH. "I think art a mo', and then I says, 'Yus, I'll come some night wiv ye. But she wouldn't leave off. She begins to talk to me about 'Eaven, and she says—'Oh, Jesus is the One I love!' "If it'd bin any one else a-talkin' 'o me I'd 'ave got mad; but my darling Nell was so winnin' an' gentle in her ways! Even when I was a silly beery mopper I fair worshipped that kid. My life 'ad allus bin a rough, dreary and cheerless one; but when my little dove came she was just as if a hangel 'ad come into th' house. "Well, guv'nor, I went to th' Army meetin' arter col. Me an' the wife an' th' nipper. I'd seen Th' Ormy abashid many a time; but I'd never bin inside a barracks before. "It was a fair knock-out, an' no error. 'Deaps of people comes an' shikes 'ands wiv my wife, an' kisses my Nellie, an' they looks curious as to 'cos I was a

Hum-lookin' Card, strite! Dimeby the meetin' begins. They sings all the program—'War Cry, I'm a' "Would Jesus 'ave the sinner die? 't were a paralyser, it were! There was my wife and little Nell a-singin' like Madame Butterfly. "Sing 'Dad!' says Nell. 'Down't be afraid!' She were a cut-drow! I 'anges my 'ead dahn, an' on'y listened. That was or I could do. Then they 'ags some testimonials. Well, theer I fought I 'ad nerves; but them there testimonials from alved drunkards an' blackguards feerly tuk the bun. I was a corner. I wished I was a thousand miles aw'y, 'awkin vegetables rand abashid the hahses. But that was auffin! At least my wife gets up on 'er plates an' testifies that God sived 'er, an' mide 'er into a pravin' woman! And she harks the prayers of the comrades for 'er unsived 'usband. Theer! I fought I was knocked before, but this was the finisher! "It was

The Captain's Turn next. 'E preached a sermon from the tenth of St. John's Gospel, abashid the Good Shepherd an' the lost sheep. It was the fust sermon I'd 'eard in m' life. "I only remembers nar that I was feerly smashed up. Then arter this the prayer meetin' begins. They comes rand fishin. My wife sez, 'Ned, I'm pravin' for yer!' "I sez, 'Ere, Liz, chuck it, I'm killed!' "Little Nell puts 'er arm rand m' neck, an' sez, 'Dad, Jesus wants yer to be good!' That broke m' heart: my darlin' Nell tinkin' like that to a rough bloke like me. My 'eart busted into tears. "The Captain's wife was kneelin' by m' side, a-pleadin' wiv me. Come to the Mercy-Seat, she sez, 'an' pray, it'll be a great 'elp.' "Little Nell-God bless 'er!—led me aht o' m' seat towards the penitent-form, an' I kneed dahn. Talk abashid cryin'? A foornal weren't it! My

Chinged My art! Well, this arrarnceement tuk my brest aw'y? 'What next?' I gasps. "Couldn't we all be Salvationists in this hahse, Ned?' she harks. 'Cos Ned,' she sez, 'God can sive ye from th' drink.' Well, guv'nor, I weren't no bloomin' 'cather, the' I was a rough 'un; but I knew for cert she was a chinged woman; so I sez, 'I'll sink abashid it, ole gal.' And wiv that I ups an' hits to me bizness. My conscience nearly burned my chest aht that d'y, an' I tried to drain it wiv drink; but it was N. G. Fust prize idjut I was, 'strite! "The wife treated me a thousand times kinder nar 'Yus, she was a bet-ter gal in every w'y. One Sunday tea-time my little Nell climbs 'onter m'

## CURRENT ITEMS

The price of bread in Great Britain is said to be rising.

One of the latest novelties for the extinguishing of fire is a horse electric fire engine. It is capable of being worked by one person.

News comes from New York that the concession for the proposed completion of the Panama Canal has been granted to England.

While deepening the Canal at Montreal the dredge tore up several sections of the 20-inch pipes. This threatened the City with a water famine.

So far there seems every prospect of a highly satisfactory harvest. There is a heavy increase in Fall Wheat and a good crop of hay, while oats are reported as being enormous.

Out of 66 samples of commercial or table mustard submitted to analytical investigation by officials of the Inland Revenue Department, only three were found to be genuine mustard. In Montreal, every tin sold as pure mustard was found to be adulterated with wheat, flour, maize, tumeric, pea flour, cayenne and millings.

We are not surprised to hear that a railway is contemplated for Alaska. It is to be a narrow-gauge from the water on Prince William Sound to the valley of Copper River, and then across the divide to a point on the Yukon River near the boundary. The name of the Company will be the Alaska Central Railway Company.

The Duke and Duchess of York have been visiting Ireland. The Queen sent the following letter to Earl Cadogan, the Lord-Lieutenant: "I am greatly pleased to hear of the very loyal and kind reception which my dear grandchildren met with everywhere in Ireland, and I would beg you to let this expression of mine be generally known."

It is said that the first consignment of gold that reached New York was one of the first quality, and weighed about one dollar an ounce less than Californian gold. There are rumors afloat that there is danger of famine along the Yukon owing to the difficulty which exists in taking provisions sufficient for the eager gold-hunters already on the spot and those on the way. But we doubt if even the prospect of possible starvation will deter the mad chase of those who have caught the gold fever.

The British Trade Congress at Birmingham strongly condemned child-labor, adopting a resolution recommending all Societies affiliated in the Congress to press for the abolition of child-labor over-time in their respective trades. The resolution of the abolition of child-labor under the age of fifteen, and all night labor under the age of eighteen, was adopted in spite of opposition by a vote of 695,000. Another resolution carried by the same Congress was in favor of the nationalization of the land, mines, minerals, rail, railways, waterways and docks, and the municipalization of all water, artificial light and tramway undertakings.

## IN PRAISE OF OUR HARVEST FESTIVAL.

From the Editorial columns of the "Plain-Dealer," we cut the following warm commendation of our work:

"Those Salvationists are a queer people. They seem to think that religion should show itself by acts. Of course almost anybody would agree that it is the proper thing to feel thankful to God for the harvest and other blessings we enjoy, but the Salvationists think it not enough to merely feel it, but that people who really are thankful would like a chance to do something to prove it. All over the country, at the end of this month, these Corps will hold Harvest Thanksgivings, which all are invited to contribute grain, fruit, vegetables, eggs, butter, flowers, or anything else. These will be first used in decorating their barracks, and at the end of the Festival be auctioned off. The proceeds will be used for the Army's Social Work, orphanages, Rescue Homes, etc. It strikes us that this practical way of being thankful is not a bad one, and as the idea is not copyrighted, it might well be adopted by other churches in towns where the Army has no barracks. It's a good thing! Push it along!"



"A public-house tride."

# WAR CRY WITNESS-BOX

War Cry Correspondent Krieger, of Edmonton, Tells the Story of His Conversion.

The story of my conversion is but simple and brief. I have told it again and again, and now, with gladness of heart am sending it wherever the "Cry" will carry it:

For years I wandered in sin, far from God and the path in which I was taught to walk when a child. I had no thought of doing anything good, and only sought to satisfy SELF. But, in many ways and times God spoke to me. Several times I came near being killed; and when afterwards I would look at the narrow escape, a sort of horror would creep over me, for I felt I was not ready to die; then afterwards would only curse my luck.

## God's Spirit Never Fully Forsook Me.

I was often troubled, and many times desired to be good, which I could not accomplish in my own strength.

One evening, after I had been in Edmonton a short time, I was at the Skating Rink, as I then thought, enjoying myself, when the Army marched past, singing, "Say, poor sinner, wouldn't you like to go," etc. The Spirit of God took a hold of me in such a way as it had never done before. I felt I wanted Salvation. I wanted to meet my sainted mother, who had gone before.

## Spiritual Daggers and Swords Pierced My Soul.

The band in attendance struck up some lively tune again, and Satan succeeded in covering and closing my eyes for a moment—opened heart again; but not for long, for the Spirit of God went home with me that night. I was so miserable that a few evenings later I knelt at the Army penitential-form and cried to God to save me. He lifted my soul out of a pit full of consuming fire. He blotted out the sins which brought such condemnation upon my soul, when I do not want to experience again. Glory to God!

Every day He enables me to give Him my whole heart, and render Him such service as lies in my power.

## Satan's Great Aim is to Keep the Conscience of the Sinner Asleep.

but the time never fails to come when it awakes—awakes to the realities that "I am condemned in the sight of God." Often have I tried to picture to myself and others the terror that must come upon a soul when it comes to death's door, stained with sins of years. Awful! Awful! It will be the fate of many an unsaved sleeper who, perhaps, never comes to repentance—who, when perhaps on his death-bed—as has been the case thousands of times—instead of having some one to pray with him—as people always think they will have—is put off under the soothing influence of some drug, administered by physicians, which causes him to pass away quietly, painlessly. Methinks I can see the grinning devil of hell who have so cleverly allured the Salvation procrastinator thus far, awaiting his soul with trembling, lest something is yet being done to save him. Not till the pangs of hell lick his soul, does

## The Sinner Realize What He has Missed.

Too late! Too late!! Too late!!! Oh, wretched sinner, awake! Why will you sell your precious, never-dying soul for the miserable things which are but dung in the eyes of the Christian? Now you are yet in time! Now take Salvation! Now flee from the coming wrath! Amen.

"There is a Fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plunged beneath its flood Lose all their guilty stains."

The imports into Britain from Canada are, it is said, advancing by leaps and bounds. A 22 per cent. increase is shown in the eight months' total. The chief increases are in cattle, wheat, cheese, butter, fish and wood.

"I have spent the first honest day's work of my life." Thus spoke a recent convert of the Temple Corps and ex-"crook" in an office some weeks ago. The other day the Editor-in-Chief saw the same lad saved and happy, and honest toil upon the hands which were once accustomed only to the thief's sleight-of-hand. Another pillar to support the answer to the threadbare answer: "But do your converts stand?"

# STRANGE LOVES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SCOTCH JANET."

## CHAPTER III.—(Continued).

"What were the nature of the references to the Delt?"

"Why, one man actually prayed that the Holy Ghost might work havoc upon the legions of the pit; and another excited, harem-sear-em-looking individual shouted at the pitch of his voice something about rammimg the devil's kingdom like a man-o'-war. I tell you that I could scarcely endure the opening prayers."

The vicar rose from his chair. He could scarcely believe his ears. "Have you farewelled from your senses, Miss Amos? What new theory have you adopted that makes vulgarly a virtue?"

"I do not uphold vulgarity."

"Explain," said the rev. gentleman impatiently, resuming his seat.

"Why, Mr. Fitzgimmon, I am delighted to learn that The Army has got hold of the vulgar. That is all. They do not go to church!"

"No!"

"Then, why object to The Army having them?"

"Because I saw nothing—I heard nothing that was calculated to ennoble them."

"Strange! Did they read the Bible?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Were there not several who testified to being reformed drunkards, and the like?"

"Oh! yes—one or two."

factory evidence, and I shall feel compelled to write Mr. Richard to run up to town and reason you out of the unfortunate delusion these people seem to be alluring you into."

"Which I think both unfair and undignified."

"The issues demand it, Miss Amos."

"What are the issues?"

"You must be strangely blind if you do not see that your friend, Mr. Featherstone, is too loyal in his attachment to the Church of his fathers to compromise his future by continuing an alliance with one who is evidently on the verge of becoming a heretic."

"Mr. Fitzgimmon, I am surprised!"

"Well, I withdraw 'heretic' and substitute 'fanatic.' The religion of The Salvation Army is, I am convinced, founded on pure emotion."

"If the emotions are stirred by the Truth of God, I think, as a clergyman, you should rejoice in the fruit that follows. What does it matter if I reach the knowledge of the grace of God by the quiet study of my Bible, in the silence of my room, or Tom, Dick, and Harry find it in a fit of remorse at the penitential-form of The Salvation Army? We all get there. And it is there we want to get at, is it not?"

"Upon my word, Miss Amos, you speak with the energy of a paid agent. I really will have to drop a line to

Miss—"what are your intentions?" It was Richard Featherstone who spoke. He had acted hastily, on the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgimmon, and sought an interview with Miss Amos. The conversation had gone on for an hour, during which Miss Amos had spoken with a tenderness and resolution which made a deep impression upon the worldly mind of the young man. But the impression was momentary. The tempter was his master. The prospect of the world's love was more than he could endure, and in the spirit of a bargain-maker he flung the question, just stated, in the teeth of the girl who, up to a few weeks before, he had professed to love unto death.

"I have stated them, Dick."

"Then you really intend throwing in your lot with The Salvation Army?"

"If my consecration to the service of God should mean that—yes, dying for Christ's sake—I will gladly do it."

"I can't understand you."

"There is only one pathway to Heaven, and that is by the Cross."

"Which you interpret as The Salvation Army?"

"As far as I can see at present, yes—unless you or any one else can convince me to the contrary."

"Well, then, you must choose between my engagement and—"

"One word, Richard Featherstone. You are a gentleman and a man of honour. As such I think the responsibility rests with you."

"Then, I repeat, are you going to stand by these people?"

"I am—they are the people of God."

"Then our engagement is at an end."

(To be Continued).

## BIVOQUE BITS.

That old American backwoods preacher, Jacob Kruber, had a strange, blunt way of saying things. A graduate of a college once asked Jacob how it was his church had no doctors of divinity. "Our divinity is not sick and does not need doctoring," said the old man. A witty, satirical old creature, this Kruber—able, learned, sarcastic and eloquent. He lived during the days of the Revolution in America, and being called on to pray on some great public occasion, he delivered himself of the following petition: "O Lord, have mercy on the Sovereigns of Europe; convert their souls and give them short lives and happy deaths!"

A certain Leaguer was sent to a ship just before the Jubilee Review. He took with him his impenetrable musical instrument—the bagpipes—and stowed them away for future use.

On the night of the review there came a storm, the sky blackened, thunder roared, lightning flashed, and on many it had a most depressing effect.

"Well, I've nothing to fear!" smiled our Leaguer to himself, and promptly fetched his "pipes" to the fore-castle for a time.

"I'm bound for the land of the pure and the holy!" buzzed out over the ship, and soon his mates gathered around to enjoy a "concert of sacred music" on that all-embracing instrument, the bagpipes!

It rained at length, but the Leaguer only got under cover and buzzed and hummed and screeched away louder than ever.

Duty called at length, and the last wall died away into silence, but soon there came a call from the captain of the ship, who had his wife, a clergyman and a number of friends off for the evening.

"Bring your bagpipes," ran the summons.

For just a minute or two the party had to wait. The Leaguer popped away into a quiet place, and asked that God might be glorified by the performance. The guests were a little astonished to hear the "pipes" hum out: "Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem." Instead of the reel they were expecting, followed by two or three well-known Army tunes.

"Thank you very much," said the Captain's wife, graciously, "you will take some wine, will you not?"

"I never drink wine, thank you," replied the Leaguer.

"I am glad of that," replied the lady, unexpectedly.

Thereupon the Leaguer explained that the reason why he did not drink was because God had saved his soul, but, to judge by the expressions of the rest of the party, that kind of out-spoken Christian was not so very welcome. Perhaps they sensed a sermon, or worse, a direct personal appeal; at any rate, our lad found himself quite free to depart after his frank declaration of God and Salvation.

—Major Margaret Allen, the Naval and Military Leaguer.



"Then our engagement is at an end."

"Did you make the personal acquaintance of any?"

"No—have you, Miss Amos?"

"I have. Why, I find more divinity in our charwoman (and she is a Salvationist) than I ever learned through any deacon."

"Comparisons!"

"Well, take the argument of that charwoman's life. It not merely abounds in self-denial for her children—the instinct of motherhood is quite sufficient to carry a woman to death for her offspring—but her spiritual intelligence is of a high order, and her joy in God so sublime that I have learned more of what real Christianity is through her than I have done in all the books I have read and sermons that I ever heard."

"Then, Miss Amos," asked the Vicar, somewhat haughtily, "Christianity is only reflected through reformed drunkards and charwomen?"

"No. I did not say so—God forbid! He is no respecter of persons; but you do not seem to credit that it can be so reflected, and that in the case of The Salvation Army it is reflected through such people."

"No; I cannot, without more satis-

faction—fine fellow, brilliant prospects, getting on fine, until this crisis overtakes you. Can't you look at the future, Miss Amos?" the clergyman pleaded.

"That is just what I am doing, and I see nothing for me but to abide by the conviction that I must free myself of every worldly tie and place myself in God's hands to follow Jesus Christ wherever He may lead."

"Then my good offices are useless, Miss Amos. I will see you again, God afternoon."

As she turned her back upon the Vicar, a strange and hitherto unexpected light shone upon the girl's soul, and as she walked toward the Seminary it seemed as if Jesus was by her side all the way. As yet she did not know that this was the witness of the Divine Spirit's favour and acceptance of her consecration vows. She was happy, ineffably happy, and yet she wept that night for Dick Featherstone, her lover. She would try and lead him into the same joy.

## CHAPTER IV.—THE FINAL CHOICE.

"Miss Amos!"—with emphasis on the



# TORONTO'S Rescue Anniversary.

## DR. THOMAS IN THE CHAIR.

Stirring Tributes Paid to the Army's Principles and Efforts—Mrs. Brigadier Read Tells of the Year's Progress.



**THE WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK** bears a good name in Toronto—and worthily. Last Thursday's meeting may well be considered a kind of emphasis to the kindly feeling already existing towards this branch of our work, and one of those seasons when the outspoken sentiments of outside friends give an index to the under current of sympathy and Christian love which many members of other organizations extend towards us.

The Temple platform presented a tasteful and unique appearance as Brigadier Complin escorted

### The Black-Clothed Specials

to the front. The Rescue Officers and Sisters of the League of Mercy, in their white-sashed regalia, were grouped one side, a band of pleasant-faced, brave-hearted women of God, ready to look upon. Upon the other hand were seated a contingent from the Children's Shelter, the children wearing a uniform of white dresses and dainty red caps, while their Officers appeared in their large white aprons as at home. A mingling of Temple and Lisgar Street handsomeness behind produced a noble sound and show of brass, which not only pleased the crowd, but received the commendation of the press.

The ground-floor of the large Auditorium was nicely filled by a well-interested throng, amongst whom, while we noticed numbers of our usual friends and our own Soldiers, there were also visible entirely new faces of those who evidently on Exhibition intent had taken into their sight-seeing the present occasion.

In the unavoidable absence of the Rev. George Turk, Dr. Thomas took the chair—the front row of the platform also containing the Rev. C. O. Johnston, the Rev. Mr. Scott, Brigadier Mrs. Read, Brigadier Complin, Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, Mrs. Staff-Captain Hargreaves and others.

The Chairman's sympathy with our work here was not begun yesterday, and a storm of applause greeted the upstanding of this old and tried friend. His presence was the more appreciated when it was known that although suffering from considerable physical indisposition, he had come there that night. "Indeed," he said, "had this been a meeting of my own I could not have come. I was sick, but after the welcome I have received, I certainly feel better."

"To the front, the cry is ringing," went with a swish, and then the Rev. C. O. Johnston fervently implored the blessing of God upon the crowd. The Chairman's speech was a brief one, but he took time enough to say some warmly sympathetic words. Here are some of them:

"I am very glad to be here. I believe in the Social aspect of Christianity: I believe Christianity to be a practical thing. I don't believe Christianity to be a thing of creeds and



One of the Helped.

formulas. I don't believe Christianity can show its qualities under the roof of a Church, but it has to get out somewhere. I believe it is a thing that has hands, and feet, and eyes, and above all a heart. I believe really, to make a confession, that the Salvation

not perhaps attract the Lord, it certainly sometimes did scare the devil. (Applause).

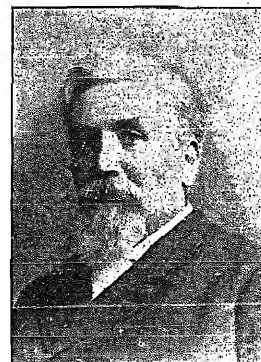
"I sometimes feel that I was designed for the Salvation Army because I have more volition than is necessary for the Church. And, sir, in a room above the Methodist Church on Arnes Street, about fourteen years ago, I attended the beginning of the Salvation Army work in Toronto and led in prayer and shouted for them at the start. (Amen!)" What is more, I went and stayed a whole night with them, and

### Came Out a Better Man in the Morning.

He concluded with a stirring appeal for out-and-out fighters of evil and up-lifters of the fallen, saying:

"If your heart is not touched till your lips move in prayer—till your hand goes into the exchequer of your pocket—till you can go out of your way for the rescue of the perishing—if you are not willing to overcome sin—till you gladly help the disheartened and fight against demons and be a strong swimmer of the Gospel, rescuing those who are perishing, there is no Christ Jesus with you, and you have no right to the glorious name of manhood or glorious womanhood. There are some glorious women tramping the streets trying to rescue those who are far away from Christ's fold. This world will never put up a monument for them as high as it ought to be, but the men and women who are willing to get down and help the perishing for Christ's sake shall get up for this sake by-and-by. I come to you with the sympathy of all my heart and with the sympathy of all my people with whom I am talking for Christ. You will do no work that will be greater and get no greater success than I will wish for you."

The announcement of a song from the children was met with general approval. Despite Mrs. Read's apology for their unavoidable sleepiness, so far



REV. DR. THOMAS,  
Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

work brought enthusiastic volleys. He said:

"We are in danger of having the Lord say, 'I was sick and the Committee visited me'; I was in prison and you sent the Committee after me, and we shall have no individuality at all. Give for alms those things that are within. It is because we give our money and send the Committee that we do not reach and save them. Thank God for those who are doing the rescuing. The whole City ought to rejoice that the Army is taking up this work, and if the loyal citizens won't do it themselves,

### They Ought to do it by Proxy

and help them with their money."

A playful rivalry between two of the rev. gentlemen as to who should choose pulpit with the Army's Commissioner next ministerial exchange, a united singing of the Doxology and Benediction closed a meeting which has certainly marked an epoch in the history of Toronto's branch of the Women's Social Work.

Great credit is due to Mrs. Brigadier Read for the well-planned arrangement for the demonstration.

The daily press took especial notice of the occasion. The Globe, Telegram, Mail and Empire, World and Star each reporting the meeting, to which The World devoted half a column of its pages.

A gentleman in Port Elizabeth has volunteered to give Mrs. Commissioner Ridsdell a piece of land on which to erect a Rescue Home, with the liberty to sell and apply the money to the same object if the plot of ground were found unsuitable for the purpose.

### CANDIDATES, ATTENTION!

The Commissioner has decided that Candidates for Women's Social Work, Children's Shelter, etc., shall in future apply direct to the Women's Social Secretary, instead of to the Provincial Officer as heretofore. Candidates suitable for this branch are urgently needed, and should address their communications to

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,  
Territorial Headquarters,  
Albert Street, Toronto.



Army has shown an example in very many directions of Christian activity. Now, I believe that the churches are doing something. I believe the Churches are doing a great work. I believe they are doing a great Social work and a great benevolent work and a great missionary work; but I don't believe the Churches are doing a great Rescue work. I don't know of a Church that has had the courage to grapple with this great situation. Blessed be God.

### You have had Courage to take Hold of it,

you have launched out into the deep; you have not tolled all night and caught nothing."

"A heart that is too selfish to rejoice with another denomination is too short-sighted to come within telescopic range of the Golden City," said the Rev. Mr. Scott as he read the story of the lost sheep and smiled the joy of its recovery with the finding of fallen humanity which the Army undertook and accomplished.

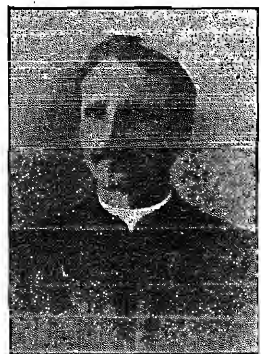
"There is medicine in noise," said the Rev. C. O. Johnston. "Dr. Thomas said after the reception he received he felt better. I used to wonder what the meaning or the virtue of noise was, and I found out that while it might

after their usual bed-time, they sang sweetly and well, and their shrill "volley" of the finish showed that they were evidently wide awake. Tears moistened some eyes as it was told how their presence in the Shelter had saved them from lives of sorest danger to all that was good and happy.

Mrs. Brigadier Read, as Secretary for the Women's Social Work, gave the figures for the year, and added some arguments as to the reason for this work and the principles upon which it was sustained. She told of the persistent love and work of our Officers in this cause, and said that she traced all the success—and there had been a great deal given, seeing that

### Seventy-Five per cent. were Satisfactory Cases

—back to the standard aim of a radical change in heart, as well as reform in life. Mrs. Read also mentioned the Governmental recognition of our work in many cities, a significant sign for the present and future warfare in the terms of the despairing and degraded. "If the Churches don't do the Rescue Work, then they ought to pay for it!" cried Mr. Scott. His commendation of the no-go-between policy of Army



REV. C. O. JOHNSTON  
Bathurst Street Methodist Church.

are your intentions?" It Featherstone who spoke. Finally, on the recommendation of the Rev. Mr. Fitzgibbon, an interview with the conversation had gone on, during which Miss Wren with a tenderness which made a deep impression on the worldly mind of the But the impression was he tempter was his master of the world's crown in he could endure, and of a bargain-maker's station, just stated, in the girl who, up to a few he had professed to love

ed them, Dick." really intend throwing in The Salvation Army?" recreation to the service I mean that—aye, dying like—I will gladly do it."

ly one pathway to Heaven by the Cross."

Interpret as The Salvation Army."

can see at present, yes—any one else can comprehend the contrary."

you must choose between the management and the management of the management."

Richard Featherstone, gentleman and a man of which I think the responsibility, you are going to repeat, are you going to e people?"

are the people of God. engagement is at an end."

(to be continued.)

### JAC BITS.

American backwoods ob Kruber, had a strange, saying things. A graduate once asked Jacob how church had no doctors of divinity is not sick and do doctoring!" said the witty, satirical old creature, "able, honest, sarcastic, he lived during the Revolution in America, died on to pray on some occasion, he delivered the following petition: "O Soverign on the Sovereigns of their souls and give us and happy deaths!"

—TO—

Leaguer was sent to a ship the Jubilee Review. He his inescapable musical bagpipes, and stowed future use. of the review there came sky blackened, thundering flashed, and on many depressing effect. nothing to fear!" smiled to himself, and promptly "apes" to the foe's for a

for the land of the pure" buzzed out over the on his mates gathered for a "concert of sacred at all-embracing instructions!

length, but the Leaguer r cover, and buzzed and screeched away louder

at length, and the last y into silence, but soon call from the captain of had his wife, a elderly-umber of friends off for

bagpipes," ran the sum-

minute or two the party the Leaguer popped away lace, and asked that God fled by the performance, are a little astonished to "hum out: "Sweeping ates of the new deuses of the reel they were ex- by two or three well-tunes.

very much," said the 3, graciously. "You will re, will you not?" nk wine, thank you," re-uer, if that," replied the lady,

the Leaguer explained n why he did not drink God had saved his soul, by the expressions of party, that kind of out- art was not so very well-s they scented a sermon, rect personal appeal; at lad found himself quite after his frank declar- and Salvation."

Garet Allen, the Naval



REV. E. E. SCOTT,  
St. Paul's Methodist Church.

## WHAT TO READ.

A WOULD-BE GRACE DARLING.—(Frontispiece)  
 HOLINESS SERIES III.—WEATHER-  
 COCK WARRIORS.—By A.  
 L. P.  
 RESCUE ANNIVERSARY.  
 A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE — By  
 H. K.  
 TERRITORIAL THEMES.—By Terri-  
 torial Secretary.  
 AN INTERVIEW WITH BRIGADIER  
 SHARP  
 THE COSTER'S CONVERSION  
 SERIAL STORIES.—"DAD SLOSS,"  
 (continued).  
 "STRANGE LOVES," (Con-  
 tinued).  
 HELPS  
 SONGS, etc., etc.

## GAZETTE.

PROMOTION—  
 LIEUTENANT ROBERT KEELER, of  
 Stratford, to be Captain.  
 LIEUTENANT SCOTT, last on fur-  
 ough, to be Captain at Billings.  
 LIEUTENANT McLEOD, of North  
 Sydney, to be Captain.  
 CADET POLLOCK, to be Lieutenant  
 at Carleton.  
 CADET PHILLIPS, to be Lieutenant  
 at Butte.  
 (Sgd.) EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
 Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

## OUR CONQUERING COMMISSIONER.

OUR HEARTS are hot with gratitude to God for the mighty measure of success which thus early has fallen upon our Leader's Eastern Campaign. Only such abbreviated messages as wired reports have as yet had time to reach us, but even from these scant records we seem to catch the enthusiasm of the Eastern achievement. Our faith went with her, followed her, and remains with her, and God is proving Himself to be once more as good as His Word in giving all necessary grace and glory for the engagements of our Commissioner's tour. Especially do our hearts rejoice over the souls which have been won whose Salvation will remain to tell the tale of victory when the Commissioner's path has swept onward to inspire and cheer comrades in other parts of the Territorial battlefield.

## AN UNFETTERED FRIEND.

That the secular press of this country is more than ordinarily outspoken and advanced in its position on all moral and philanthropic topics of the hour, we have had many indications. Indeed, so far ahead has the Journalism often been of the agitator, that the newspaper has positively forced the populace to higher and more pronounced steps in favor of more unselfish tenets in the principles of politics and practice. We are not too optimistic for the future, nor do we exaggerate their fairness of press vision to an actual expropriation of the Christ spirit in present day principles, for it has not gone so far up as that; but the degree of uncompromising statement in the interests of freedom and the common weal we cannot but recognize as such and praise God for The Army has come in for a good share of the comment of this high-minded Journalism. It is not the first time that the Blood-and-Fire Flag has helped to disclose and bring out the best in its outlooks. There are not a few places in this Territory where opposition has been silenced completely by the friendly and above all fair attitude of the local press. No City can move independent of its newspapers. One of the latest instances of our argument's demon-

stration was seen recently at Great Falls, when The Daily Tribune, of that City, took up the cudgels of defence for our Officer, Captain McFee, who had been, they deemed—and rightly— unjustly convicted of legal offence. Of course there have been exceptions to this almost universal justice, but as a whole the Army of this Territory has to acknowledge the assistance of an impartial press and recognize the many advantages and opportunities which accompany it.

## FIRE AT COLLINGWOOD.

(Special).

Visit of Brigadier Read and Adjutant Stanyon owned of God. Corps met them at Depot on Saturday night. Big open-air followed. Rumors of ghosts and goblins to be seen outside house, where the Provincial Officer and his A. D. C. billeted. None seen. Holy Ghost felt, however. Biggest number at knee-drill for months. Splendid outdoor meetings Sunday. Good collections. Bountiful supply of Harvest Festival gifts of all kinds. Captain Smith her Lieutenant, Comrades and friends worked hard. Splendid audiences. Bright prospects for the Fall and Winter. Man decided on the street to get saved, came to Barracks and found mercy. He had resisted God's Spirit for thirty years. Great sale of kind Monday night. Three souls.

A Colonel of the Royal Finnish Army and his wife early secured seats for the General's meetings in Helsinki.

Ibén, the well-known Norwegian poet, was among the subscribers to the last Self-Denial Fund in his native land.

There has been some alarm at the North Indian Headquarters owing to wolves having been prowling around at night.

Sir Robert Stout, K. C. M. G., presided over the annual meeting of the Army's Social work in Wellington, New Zealand.

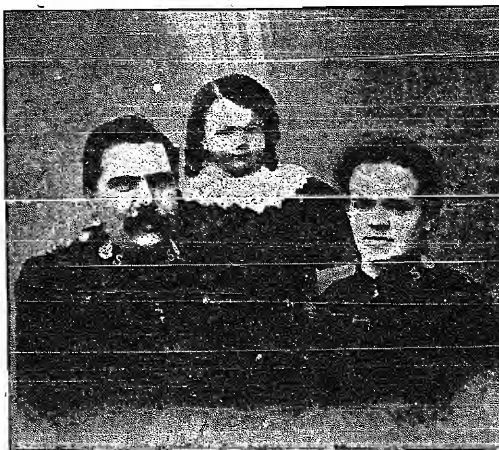
Ink-making is one of the industries carried on in the Palzabad Famine Children's Home. The bottles are stamped with the Army crest.

A clergyman of Brooklyn, U. S. A., has just inspected our Social operations in the Old Country, and declared the one-tenth part had never been told him.

The Provost at Kirkentilloch was in an Army meeting the other night, and in response to the Lieutenant's invitation rose and gave a hearty testimony.

Efforts amongst the Amakossas are progressing. Souls have been saved since Commissioner Riddell's visit, and a future of bright usefulness appears to be beyond.

In the Gujarat Province of our Indian War, there are now 80 properly established day-schools, and the Provincial Officer is very anxious to open another ten at once.



BRIGADIER and MRS. SHARP and Little EVA.



A RUSSIAN LADY is studying Army principle and practice in London, England.

Major Nurse Gopal reports six Bheel and Naik Candidates for the work.

A Lieutenant at Norseman, Australia, has walked 55 miles each week to sell Crva.

Sir Walter Besant, the famous novelist, is much interested in our Prison Gate Work.

A Committee of ladies near Cape Town have transferred a Rescue Home to the Army.

Chief Justice Way, from South Australia, is visiting the English Farm and City Colonies.

Another Famine Home, to hold 50 children, has been opened in a village ten miles from Poona.

Mr. Claus Sprackles has promised a donation of \$1,000 towards the proposed Sugar Beet Colony.

\$2,655 was raised at the recent Social Meeting in the Town Hall, Melbourne, at which Lord Brassey presided.

Among the outcasts who recently slept on the Thames embankment was a man formerly almost a millionaire.

## THE FIELD COMMISSIONER IN THE EAST.

Salvation Cyclones at Fredericton and St. John, N. B.

Vast Audiences—Overwhelming Enthusiasm—Forty-Two Souls.

Fredericton, Sept. 11th.

Commissioner royally welcomed Fredericton. Met station by Mrs. Henry Chestnut, Judge Steadman, other citizens, Salvationists and friends. Waited hear and half train. Great excitement. Hall crowded. Commissioner captivated crowd. Showers of blessing. Thirteen souls. Everybody charmed.

MAJOR PUGHMIRE

St. John, N.B., Sept. 13th.

Field Commissioner Sunday St. John most marvellous success. Mechanic's Institute gorged afternoon and night. City stirred. Great excitement. The Commissioner wonderfully upheld Her Army, earnest, eloquent appeal laid tremendous hold upon her audiences. Many were won. Twenty-nine souls, sixteen of which were volunteers. One hundred and five dollars. Colonel Higgins assisted. Great expectations to-night's meeting.

MAJOR PUGHMIRE

## BURNING QUESTIONS.

The city is full of spiritual uncleanness; how is it to be purged out? By the Spirit of Judgment—by the Spirit of burning—by fire—by the Holy Ghost!

But this the unconverted have not got. Bigoted to say so? It is written—it is in the recorded words of the God-man.

"Whom the world cannot receive, for they see Him not, neither know Him; but ye know Him." Hallelujah! "He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." Glory!

But unless we live, as Mrs. Herbert Booth most wisely observes—unless we live praying always—we shall lose our consciousness of evil—we shall cease to hate it as we should.

For we have to swim against the stream. Foul expressions are common in so-called "respectable" mouths; drunkenness is considered chiefly as a matter for humorous treatment; everybody, including many professors of religion, are coveting one or other of the great lottery prizes! Such is the world! We must be in it, but God forbid we should be of it!

"For every idle word" Doubtless indeed is the Sword of the Spirit, and "If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly appear?" The latter will say anything, almost, except their prayers, and those, as one of the most decent of them recently acknowledged to the writer, "I don't even whistle!"

No wonder they have the audacity to wish to strike the Supreme Name out of the constitution! Their grand supreme, meanwhile, is afforded a conspicuous place on the advertisement boards of the city—Brandy!

What preserves from corruption? Salt! Comrades, we are the salt! Oh, let us not lose our savor! Cold or hot—which shall it be? Hot? Amen! Amen! "Spirit of burning, come!"

ACHAZ

In a meeting led by Colonel Bailey at Okayama, Japan, 25 Buddhist priests listened with eager attention, gave liberally to the collection, bought the Japanese War Cry, and three of them next day came to the Officers' Quarters to ask more of the Salvation which the Army taught was for them.

## COMING SOON.

ALL ABOUT LONDON.  
 HOLINESS SERIES IV.—FASHION FOR SOULS.—By A. L. P.  
 NEW SERIAL—THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND THE SALVATION ARMY.

## Territ

By the TERR

The Commi took quite a multitudes of character and magnitude within. The Se and Hand-Br gagement ca farewells, ga items had all to-date prior

That God is successful, and loved time tour, M press telegram St. John giv that her m snowballs, ga est, in power snits.

Many have previsions of f of delight exp breathed into ing that mo Commissioner have some mo is the evident the good fort

Major South quarters "on dear old W made so fast is enthusiasm ticipation, to and his brave hearty God-g-

"It is a pie significance fifty cases of elided upon b referred to p re-acceptance the general ex was, 'There! Others, too, cision.' God of them to th

One of the Field Commi every resting after being o in future recs the Commissi This is one m missioner's t her devoted c

This very Coombs and joling hands or for worse, and found fa done good so future with crease of nie

By-the-by, struck the c cers, or wha are being pu and marriage please. I hop Cry,—one, I reader.

Great intere Massey Hall sion, which, will precede Illustrated. living reality. in the sight a who will wit striking featu ceeding.

Sligh-bells and bar-bells and accompan sle as is selo

Color will many phases and low movements striking harm will swell and Study the p at least for s described. Pres upon th clothing her plerping powe ders and t these meetin be brought h

A single far you to Toron part of the get ready! A Staff char a small scale vices, and wh Those interest day, October 1





## North-West Full Swing.

By THE PROVINCIAL OFFICER.

EVERYTHING is going full swing for Harvest Festival in this Province, and Officers and Soldiers are working very hard. There is a glorious prospect of many Corps and Districts going over their Target, and the Provincial Target is sure. As this is only the eve of the Harvest Festival, I cannot give any particulars yet, but as soon as the returns are in I will write up the matter. I am just on a tour through the Brandon District, and I do Harvest Festival week-end at Brandon, where great things are expected.

I visited Neepawa last week-end and had a good time. Meetings were well attended, the new Officers' Quarters are looking well, and it is expected will be ready in about two weeks. Sergeant-Major Cox has put in a lot of work on this building. Captain Cromarty and Lieutenant Askin have proved by the efforts they have put forth that they are not afraid to work. God bless them!

I arranged with the Captain to do certain repairs to the Neepawa Barracks: amongst other things it is to be painted.

At Minnedosa, Captain Malton and Lieutenant Glover are kept going on the rounds of this Circle Corps, pushing the claims of God upon the people. Sergeant-Major Davidson, of Carberry, and his little son Frank, were specialising with the Minnedosa Comrades, and they stayed for the Monday evening's meetings. Ensign Broadbent, who is resting, was at this meeting. Fine time. I spent the next day at S. M. Cox's, and then the Lieutenant drove me to Brandon, where I found Adjutant MacNamara and her two Lieutenants busy with the work of the Kingdom, also Ensign Beckstead, R. H., resting.

At Virden I found Captain Kemp and Lieutenant Hudson, who are busy as could be with the Harvest Festival. We had two good meetings, and the Soldiers came up well for the busy time; harvest and thrashing is just at its height, and nearly all the men are out of town, but they will come back again soon and bring in the sheaves.—(dollars).

The air is full of changes in the North-West Province. One of the changes is Adjutant Gale, of Port Arthur District, who will take to himself a wife during the last few days of this month. Yes, the wedding is to take place at the District Headquarters, Port Arthur, and the Provincial Officer is to be in charge of the ceremony. The Town Hall is taken, I understand, and a wonderful time is expected.

There is also a farewell of Field Officers on the 26th, in which nearly 40 Officers will be concerned, and about 20 Corps: a few more days, and then it will appear who these shall be.

The Brandon Barracks is to be painted, it needs it very badly, and it will look much better after the operation.

We are badly in need of Officers at the present. Some Officers are sick and must rest. Now, Candidates, or intending Candidates, what you do, do quickly. H. B.

## Interesting and Instructive ITEMS.

Of the 136,000 persons in Johannesburg, 50,907 are Europeans. The number of actual Europeans, apart from immigrants from the British South African colonies and the Orange Free States, is 24,485, subdivided as follows:—English, Scotch and Irish, 16,265; Russians, 3,235; Germans, 2,263; Dutch, 819; French, 442; Swedes, or Norwegians, 211; Italians, 206; Swiss, 139; and other countries, 709.

India has 2,035 towns with an aggregate population of 27,251,176, about one-tenth of the total population. Of these towns 28 have over 100,000 inhabitants, 48 more over 50,000, and 165 more over 10,000. The largest are Bombay, 821,764; Calcutta, 771,144; Madras, 452,618; Hyderabad, 415,030; Lucknow, 273,028; Benares, 219,467; Delhi, 192,678; Mandalay, 158,811; Cawnpore, 153,712; Bangalore, 138,398; Rangoon, 133,324; Lahore, 176,854; Allahabad, 176,246.

Congressman Suloway, of New Hampshire, is a member of the Salvation Army, and has frequently been seen in their parades, both at his home in Manchester and in Washington. His wife was formerly a Salvation Army lassie.

# GIGANTIC Fifteenth Anniversary Celebrations TORONTO

OCTOBER 11th to 17th, inclusive,

CONDUCTED BY

## The FIELD COMMISSIONER

(Miss Booth).

Staff Councils, Officers' and Soldiers' Councils.  
Great Soul-Saving Campaign in the Pavilion.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11th.

8 p.m.—Welcome Demonstration, conducted by the Chief Secretary. All visiting Officers will attend.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

8 p.m.—Officers' and Soldiers' United Council, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER, in the Jubilee Hall.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13th.

8 p.m.—Field Officers' Demonstration, conducted by Major Gaskin, in the Salvation Temple.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14th.

5 p.m.—Gigantic Procession through the principle streets. Unprecedented Procession illustrating the work of the Salvation Army. The Juniors in Arms. The Band of Love in Action. Bicycle Brigade in Great Galore. The Rescue Work, Women's and Children's Shelters and League of Mercy, practically portrayed. Men's Social Branch—The Shelter in operation on wheels. Seven Stages of Man. The Industrial Farm, with living and real representations, including Grace-Before-Meat and "The Missing." Literary Lights and Trade Branches brought to the front, etc., etc.

7 p.m.—Musical Prelude in the MASSEY HALL prior to the Great Public Meeting illustrating the work of Salvation Army, conducted by the FIELD COMMISSIONER. The Massing of Provincial Bands, Juniors' Musical Exercises—sleigh bells, dumb-bells, bar bells. The Commissioner's Address. Marvellous time.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 17th.

11 a.m.—United Holiness Convention, led by the Chief Secretary, in the Jubilee Hall.

8 and 7 p.m.—Great Soul-Saving Demonstration in the PAVILION. The FIELD COMMISSIONER in command.

**RAILWAY RATES!** RETURN TICKETS FOR 15 CENTS MORE THAN SINGLE FARE

## MISSING

To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing or runaway relatives in any part of the globe: be friend, or assist, if possible, wronged girls, women, or children, or any person in difficulty. Address, COMMISSIONER EVA BOOTH, 16 Albert Street, Toronto, Canada, and mark, "Enquiry," on the envelope.

If possible, send fifty cents to defray a part of the expenses. We will be glad if our Officers, Soldiers and friends will look through the Missing Column regularly, and if they see any cases which they could help us with, we would be pleased if they would do so.

(First Insertion).

1933. WILLIAM and JOSEPH LITTLEDALE and sister, now Emily Cunningham. Last heard of was living in Cleveland, Ohio. Did live on Ontario Street. Mother enquires. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1934. WILLIAM LAKE. Dark complexion; height, 6 ft.; age, 50 years. Last heard from Christmas, 1911, was then living at Littleton, Manitoba. Friends enquire. American Cry please copy. Address "Enquiry," Toronto.

1935. MRS. HENRY LLOYD, nee EDITH CHAPMAN. Last heard from eight years ago. Was then living in Cobham, W. Trenton, Canada. Her father and sisters enquire. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

(Second Insertion).

SAMUEL BURNS.—Was a Soldier of the Montreal I. Corps. Last heard of was in the United States. Address, Adjutant Combs, 58 Bathurst Street, Montreal. American Cry please copy.

JOHN CLARK.—Left Lindsay, Ontario, in 1870. Went to Elk Rapids, Mich., U. S. A. Last heard of was living in Indiana, fourteen years ago. Had a wife and one child. Second wife's maiden name Francis Elliott. Mrs. L. Handley, of Searsville, Ontario, enquires. American Cry please copy.

WILLIAM and JOSEPH BRYANT. Left Kingston, June 17th, 1887. Last heard of in Montreal. Both light and fair complexion. William's height, 5 ft. 11 in.; Joseph, about 5 ft. 11 in. Mother very anxious to hear from them. English Cry please copy.

MARY JANE CARTER, of London, England. Last heard from, 1892, then working in a factory in the suburbs of London. William Carter, Broadway St. Bridge, Winnipeg, Man., enquires.

JONATHAN E. JAY. Age 31 years. Occupation, a teacher; height, 5 ft. 11 in. Left Horton Landing, Nova Scotia, June 1st, 1887; purchased a ticket for Winnipeg, Man. He has a teacher's license for the Dominion.

THOMAS and MARY ANN MORLEY came out of Merham, near Ashford, Kent, England, are living somewhere in Canada. Son John enquires. Address, "Enquiry," Toronto.

## COMING EVENTS.

Mrs. Brigadier Read.

Women's Social Secretary, will visit: Hamilton 11th, Wednesday, September 28th; Hamilton 14, Thursday, September 30th; London, Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, October 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, Rescue Home Anniversary. STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. HARGRAVE will visit the Temple on Sunday, September 26th.

A beautiful testimony is continually paid to our relief work in India, during the recent sequences of famine and pestilence. Our Officers are pointed out by the people with words of gratitude, saying when they see the red jacket of a Mukhtiar, "Aavast bartin" ("They keep us alive.")

A young man attired in uniform of the Salvation Army was singing a solo in a Cafe in Zurich, accompanied by his guitar, when an intoxicated man maliciously cut the strings of his instrument. A by-stander was so indignant that he took up a collection to repair the damage.

A friend called on a worthy divine, who had been offered a bishopric. The daughter of the house met him at the door. "Is your father going to accept it?" he inquired. "Well," the young lady replied, demurely, "father is praying for guidance in the library, mother is packing upstairs."

## HOW I SOUGHT

## BLESSING

By ENSIGN

I HAD NOT very long when I was the expert of a clean heart, of the blotting of the past was very real and my every desire to walk worthily for my ungodly days I was enabled to take up my abode for Christ, day I was conscious of the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

But after awhile that my service satisfactory as I felt recurrence of which

Sometimes were times w

consequently bringing and marring my God—made me and caused me to relent way.

Books were lent texts quoted in at last I almost lost mention of Holiness improved by my with those who a gravity of the ways was, and met with the law of nature, which I until my days of my struggles were

I hated the Thing

and sighed and fore my conversion my joy and I realized them, and ed to give up the back into the worst key me, and drew contribution and co to rest upon His man sin we have Father," and thos sin He was faith give and to clean righteousness." I tain forgiveness, I ed the latter part went on for many repenting, up and ing in the sunshiny joying because of offence, and

The Next Day

before God, sobbing feast and shame.

In this state I d with books, and th which so frequer contrast to the d for myself, aiming to illumine His "know the Truth should make me t Never shall I while pacing the and reading toget of Matthew, with names, that at l last verse; "Thou Jesus, for He sh from their sins," from Heaven the soul, revealing wh glorious possibility of SALVATION F by a forgiveness fo SALVATION FR That settled the once and for ever by the power of G Son Jesus, that I be saved from m But with knowl and seeing that

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Salvation Army



## HOW I SOUGHT AND OBTAINED

## BLESSING OF A CLEAN HEART.

By ENSIGN KENNING.

I HAD NOT BEEN CONVERTED very long when first I heard of Holiness and the experience of the blessing of a clean heart. The consciousness of the blotting out of the dark, guilty past was very real and precious to me, and my every desire and ambition was to walk worthily as a child of God before my ungodly sinners. In those days I was enabled by the grace of God to take up my cross and witness boldly for Christ, and as day succeeded day I was conscious of a growing in the knowledge of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But after awhile I became conscious that my service to God was not as satisfactory as it might be, and the oft recurrence of old-time hesitations which

Sometimes were Mastered and at Other Times were Masters,

consequently bringing me into condemnation and marring my communion with my God—made me to feel dissatisfied, and caused me to long for a "more excellent way."

Books were lent me by the score and texts quoted in such abundance till at last I almost sickened at the very mention of Holiness. Matters were not improved by my meeting at that time with those who spoke much of the depravity of the carnal mind, which always was, and must ever be in conflict with the law of God, and of the old nature, which I was doomed to carry until my days on earth were ended. My struggles were many.

I hated the Things that Overcame Me

and sighed and cried for liberty. Before my conversion these things were my joy and I revelled in them. Now I loathed them, and though oft tempted to give up the whole thing and go back into the world, yet God mercifully kept me, and drew my soul out in deep contrition and confession, causing me to rest upon His promise that "if any man sin we have an Advocate with the Father," and that if I confessed my sin He was faithful and just to forgive and to cleanse me from all unrighteousness." In my anxiety to obtain forgiveness, I completely overlooked the latter part of the verse. Thus I went on for many months, sinning and repenting, up and down, one day basking in the sunshine of His favour, and saying because of a conscience void of offence, and

The Next Day in Dust and Ashes

before God, sobbing out my tale of defeat and shame.

In this state I determined to be done with books and testimonies of men which so frequently were in glaring contrast to the daily life, and to seek for myself, asking God by His Spirit to illumine His Word that I might "know the Truth" and that the Truth should make me free."

Never shall I forget one evening, while peeling the deck with my chum, and reading together the first chapter of Matthew, with its many difficult names, that at last we came to the 21st verse. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins." Like a flash as if from Heaven the Truth entered my soul, revealing what I sought, viz, the glorious possibility of the experience of SALVATION FROM SIN, not merely a forgiveness for sins confessed, but SALVATION FROM IT.

That settled the question in my mind once and for ever that it WAS possible, by the power of God as revealed in His Son Jesus, that I should be and could be saved from my sin.

But while knowing this glorious fact, and seeing that

Nothing Short of this Experience was God's Will for Me,

yet how to obtain it was the next difficulty.

When my readers remember the life training received in the Roman Catholic Church, with its consequent unacquaintance with the Word of God, it will be easily understood the difficulty I experienced finding my way through the Bible. But in my reading I had discovered the glorious promises, "They will be all taught of God." "The Holy Spirit will teach you all things," and "He need not that any man teach you," and upon those I rested, and truly He taught me until out of the mouth of a babe He poured forth His Word.

Leaving the Navy about this time, and becoming engaged in definite work for God, I came in contact with the Salvation Army.

I attended their meetings. Still I hungered for the experience of Holiness of heart and cleansing from all sin, and on more than one occasion while attending special meetings at the Mission with which I was connected I claimed this experience by faith, even as I had claimed Salvation. And yet, after a while, I was compelled to admit that not yet was I "more than a conqueror."

Well do I remember attending a meeting led by Colonel Dowdle and his choosing for his subject Romans xii. 1, 2. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service, and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable perfect will of God."

I saw clearly as the Colonel proceeded, that up to that time I

Had Not Yielded Myself to God as a Living Sacrifice,

nor had I proved the acceptableness of God's will. I had believed God could sanctify me, and that He would and did, but, as I have already said, I was soon back again in the old place. This evening, as soon as the invitation was given, I rose and went to the penitent form, and surrendered myself to God. Perfect peace filled my soul, and I left that meeting rejoicing in God.

Things were certainly better for a time, but alas! I was only for a time. Ah, how patiently God dealt with me in those days, and how clearly now I see where I then erred. At first I had claimed this experience by faith only, without having surrendered myself to God; my next mistake was to trust merely in the fact of my having surrendered myself to God. Both of these were very good in their way, but neither lasted very long, and again I was overcome.

About this time the Chief-of-Staff was announced to lead an All-Night of Prayer at Portsmouth. I despise the fact of a recent illness, I determined to be present at this meeting. The evening came, and I was there. Truly God was present in power, and as the Chief talked on the well-known words, "Create in me a clean heart, O God," and explained that God alone could do this, that it was not a question of what I could do, but rather a work that was God-commenced, God-continued, and God-finished. I saw the reason of my oft-falling. I had trusted in my own faith, the merit of my sacrifice and surrender, and in my ignorance

Confounded the Conditions with the Experience Itself.

Carefully, minutely and gloriously simply did the Chief explain the conditions, which were a renunciation of all that was known to be wrong or a hindrance—a complete and absolute surrender of body, soul, and spirit to the will and service of God, so that it would never more be my way, but His Way—never more my will, but His—never more my interests, but His and those of His Kingdom; and then the Chief, held by faith on His promises that "whatsoever toucheth the altar shall be holy," the Altar sanctifieth the gift," trusting Him to fulfil His Word again in me. I again went forward, surrendered all I had or ever hoped to have, chose His Will as the one rule of my life, took Him at His Word, sweetly resting upon His promises to which He is ever, oh, so faithful, and rose to my feet sanctified, purified and purified by His own blessed Spirit's presence and power. Oh, the rapture I could scarce contain myself. I told it to all, and rejoiced in the fullness of His uttermost Salvation.

Years have passed since that night. Many have been the tests and trials of my faith, and let me here confess for the warning and counselling of others whose experiences may have been very similar to mine, that what ever there has been of defeat and stumbling in my experience since, has come about as a result of my not seeking ever to carefully maintain by secret communion with God, and the study of His blessed Word that fellowship and union with Himself which is so vitally essential to the maintaining the daily and hourly experience of the sanctification and heart purity from sin.

All the while my soul's experience is: "My Beloved is mine, and I am His. My whole being is surrendered to Him. He will be sweet to my soul, and loving Him simply because His service is a joy and delight to me.

"Love's restless current a service is To the regions deep within, Thought and wish, and senses keeping Now and every instant clean."

Full Salvation From the guilt and power of sin.



AUNTIE WRIGHT,  
An Ingersoll Veteran.

## Doings in the East.

United Soldiers' Councils—Nine Surrenders.

Major Pugmire, assisted by Staff-Captain Gunge, Adjutant DesBray and the City Officers, led a Soldiers' Council at No. 5. Recently. All the six City Corps were united. It was one of those old-fashioned, Holy Ghost, filled-with-the-Glory-sort-of-meetings. God really visited the place. The Major's theme was: "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead." The Staff-Captain handled the prayer-meeting and we scored nine surrenders.

Sunday, (September 5th) afternoon and night found the Major and Staff at No. 7. The afternoon meeting was a free-and-happy one. An old Methodist got exultant, and said he liked the Army for three things, and one of the three was because he got saved 32 years ago, the same year that the Army was born. Another reason was that there was a vein of Methodism in the Salvation Army.

The night's meeting was a powerful time. Mrs. Pugmire and Mrs. Gunge were in evidence, and poured out the Truth. There was one surrender. The Major had a short Council with the Soldiers at the close of the meeting, and gave them some words of encouragement.

"At good old 'Number Five' The Soldiers are alive; And many they ever strive To keep up 'Number Five,' A St. Johnite.

Hamilton, Ber.

We are having big times here, and some backsliders are returning home. The other night we had the Rev. Mr. Dunlop on the platform, who added his testimony with the many others of God's great saving and keeping power. On Wednesday night, Captain Carter and the Band Boys gave a sketch of the Training Hume on the platform, which was very interesting. The meeting was a success, although there was no one saved.—F. H. B.

Annapolis Outpost.

On Friday evening last we held meeting at our Outpost. Attendance good, and all were these coloured people can sing. After meeting we had ice-cream, which every one seemed to enjoy. God bless Mr. Moore, who so willingly helps with his team. Prospects good for Harvest Festival.—Annie Martin, Lieutenant; L. Penny, Ensign.

Newcastle.

On Saturday night and all day Sunday we enjoyed a visit from Mr. Pugmire, our Provincial Officer. This visit has been looked forward to for some time. In the Holiness meeting on Sunday morning, the Spirit was present, and seven came forward. In these meetings we also welcomed our District Officer, Ensign Pugh, back again, after a few weeks' rest.—R. C.

Yarmouth, N.S.

Had grand meetings Sunday. A good number attended the knee-drill, and in the Holiness meeting, two came out, seeking the blessing of a clean heart. At night the meeting was one of the best we have had for some time, and three lads sought and found the pardon of God. Monday night they were all in the march, and on the way.

Halifax, I.

We are having good meetings. On Sunday afternoon the Adjutant dedicated the infant child of Brother and Sister Young, and at night one soul sought Salvation and professed to have found it. Praise God!—See, Caslin.

Liverpool, N.S.

Since last report, two souls for Salvation and one for the blessing of Holiness. God is blessing us. Victory is our song. Harvest Festival is upon us. Prospects are bright for \$30.00. Captain Mrs. Parsons.

St. Georges, Bermuda.

Work progressing. Every one interested. Souls nearly every meeting. Platform will not hold the converts. Adjutant Matthews Week-End. Seven in the Fountain. Two hundred War Cry sold in two days. Three of the Queen's Soldiers surrendered to the King of kings. People very much interested in furnishing our Quarters; taking the whole thing into their hands. God bless and save them! Is the prayer of Kate Welch, Captain; Ethel Martin, Lieutenant.

Kentville.

Captain Moores and Cadet Hebb commanding. Nine indoor meetings, five marches, four open-air per week. Marches average ten. Who goes to knee-drill? Answer in next report. Deep plottings re Harvest Festival. We will report our success later.—Sergeant-Major, for Captain.

One Month's Special Campaign at Amherst, N.S.

We have just closed one month's Special Soul-Saving Summer Boom. Our target for the month (August) was 20 souls; 12 to make Soldiers, and two to become Officers. God has in a small way answered the prayers of His people. Twenty-three have professed conversion. Six have already been enrolled. Two new Candidates have applied. Three children have been dedicated (Sergeant-Major Gilroy's). The attendance during the month was a record-breaker. Best previous attendance was passed, with over 1000 to good. The open-air attendance best previous record was broken by over 150 Soldiers for the month.

Numbers of people who never attended meetings since the Army's advent in Amherst paid us a visit. Among those who specialised at the Corps during the month were Major Pugmire, Staff-Captain Gunge and Ensign Edwards, with aching hearts and weeping spirits on account of those still unsaved. We are agonizing in prayer for a greater outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Yours fighting desperately, W. A. S.

## East Ontario.

Gananoque.

Praise God your correspondent has just returned home in time to find Comrades rejoicing in a grand Harvest Festival victory; target smashed. A beautiful decorated Burnetts and one soul for their hire. To God be all the glory! J. F. Funnell, R. C.

Arnprior.

Our Harvest Festival was a success. Our target was \$40.00, but we went a little over that. Praise God! Victory is our motto!—M. C. Reg. Cor.

Trenton.

The Jubilee Quintette has just visited Trenton. Had a good time. Captain Vance, of Brighton, took my meetings for the week-end while I was away advertising the Quintette, and reports two souls. Times are dull, but God is the same. Hallelujah! T. W. Coate, Captain.

Kingston.

A week of hard fighting, but a good finish up Sunday night. Four men came to God and found pardon. W. H. Byers, Adjutant.

Morrisburg.

We are having victory here. God is helping us. We are trying hard to hit our Harvest Festival Target. Ensign Sims was with us on Friday. Everybody was delighted with the Graphophone. Lieutenant L. Williams.

Peterboro.

The East Ontario String Band was with us for the week-end. Thursday there was a Musical Meeting; it was grand; every one was delighted. The Band was led by Brigadier Sharp. God bless him! Sunday all day we had times of blessing. We were glad to have with us our old friends, Captain Bearchell and Lieutenant Greene. God bless them! We were also glad to have the Brigadier with us. He looked as happy as the day was long. God bless you, Brigadier! Come again!

## THEY'VE MET OUR BOOMERS.



Capt. McIntyre, Charlottetown.....	451
Sergt. Fred Bell, Hamilton, Ber. (av. 2 weeks).....	263
Capt. Bragg, Brantford, Ont.....	220
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock, Ont.....	210
Joseph Dunkley, St. George's, Ber. Mrs. Crossman, Moncton (av. 3 w.)	210
Lt. Phillips, Butte, Mont.....	141
Cadet Lewellyn, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	137
Lt. Dora, Picton, Ont.....	122
Lt. Coolen, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	116
Lt. Dickson, Prescott (av. 2 weeks).....	114
Capt. Green, Campbellford (av. 2 weeks).....	110
John Morrison, Glace Bay.....	109
Adj. Alkenhead, Halifax.....	107
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich.....	101
Lt. Smith, Lindsay.....	92
Lt. Thoen, Livingston (av. 2 weeks).....	85
Jennie Bloss, Cornwall.....	84
Lt. Peers, Paris, Ont.....	83
Capt. Bradbury, Moncton (av. 3 w.)	80
Sergt. Van Camp, Dillon, Mont.....	80
Cadet Held, Bridgetown, N. S.....	80
Lt. McNaney, St. Albans, Vt.....	80
Ens. Stalger, St. Albans, Vt.....	80
Capt. Pridmore, Prescott (av. 2 w.)	75
Sergt. Mrs. Barker, Kingston.....	75
Lt. Graham, Edmonton.....	75
Lt. Martin, Annapolis (av. 2 weeks).....	70
Capt. Campbell, Halifax.....	67
Mrs. Sheddin, Hamilton.....	69
Sergt. Lucy Fair, Bracebridge.....	65
Mrs. Law, Victoria, B. C.....	65
Suel Rea, Cornwall.....	65
Mrs. Moore, Victoria, B. C.....	65
Capt. Stote, Berlin.....	69
Gertrude Codling, Minot, N. D.....	69
Sergt. Simons, Kingston.....	59
Lt. Sleeth, Pembroke (av. 2 weeks).....	58
Mrs. Capt. Green, Campbellford (av. 2 weeks).....	56
Capt. Hill, Montreal I. (av. 2 weeks).....	53
Capt. May, New Westminster.....	53
Carrie Conrad, Halifax.....	52
E. Robinson, Trenton.....	52
Blanche Ferguson, Halifax.....	50
Bro. Johnson, Hamilton.....	50
Lt. Pynn, Strathroy.....	48
Mrs. Scott, Guelph.....	47
Capt. Isaacson, Calgary.....	47
Mrs. Thompson, Nanaimo.....	45
Capt. Jarvis, Strathroy.....	45
Mrs. Dawson, Guelph.....	45
Sergt. Perkins, Barre, Vt.....	45
Mrs. Lyons, Fredericton.....	45
Mrs. Crane, Fredericton (av. 3 w.).....	41
Bro. Case, Hamilton.....	40
Cadet Hegdon, St. John's I., Nfld.....	40
Bro. Rogers, Montreal.....	40
Capt. French, Peterboro.....	38
Bro. Read, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	37
Capt. Banks, Nanaimo.....	37
Capt. Stollker, Riverside.....	37
Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro.....	35
Ens. Jones, Bracebridge.....	36
May Donovan, Fredericton (av. 3 weeks).....	34
Lt. Bacon, Montreal II. (av. 2 w.).....	32
Louise Scott, Guelph.....	32
Myrtle Crawford, Guelph.....	31
Lt. Grosse, Nanaimo.....	31
Jessie Orr, St. John I., N. B. (av. 2 weeks).....	30
Maud Harvey, Riverside.....	30
Emily Howell, Riverside.....	30
Julia Ash, St. John V., N. B.....	30
Bro. J. Care, Strathroy.....	30
Bro. Lewis, Montreal.....	30
Sister Mortimer, Victoria, B. C.....	28
Sergt. A. Downey, Kingston.....	27
Capt. Coate, Trenton.....	26
Sergt. Mrs. Collins, St. John V., N. B.....	26
Mrs. Wiener, Guelph.....	26
Uncle George, Hamilton I. (av. 2 weeks).....	25
Sis. Freeman, Montreal I.....	25
Sergt. Liston, St. John I., Nfld.....	25
Lt. F. Burton, Hamilton II.....	25
Clara Hillard, Berlin.....	25
Sister McCusker, Hamilton I.....	25
Sis. Matherson, Hamilton I.....	25
Capt. Bloss, Montreal II.....	24
Capt. Cairne, Calgary.....	23
Lt. Moore, St. John's I., Nfld.....	22
Cadet Gains, Victoria, B. C.....	22
Mrs. Wilcox, Montreal II. (av. 2 w.)	21
Sergt. J. Linton, Uxbridge.....	21

Mrs. Greene, Peterboro..... 20  
 Father Curry, Hamilton II..... 20  
 Mary Shuster, Berlin..... 20  
 Capt. Brooks, Hamilton II..... 20  
 Sergt. W. Stevens, Riverside..... 20  
 Sergt. Veale, Barre, Vt..... 20  
 Maggie Beatty, Fredericton (av. 2 weeks)..... 20  
 Lizzie Schynider, Peterboro..... 20  
 Mrs. Jubie, Picton, Ont..... 20  
 Bro. Duncan, Montreal I..... 20  
 Robble Douglas, Cornwall..... 20  
 C. Woodworth, Moncton..... 20  
 Mrs. Smith, Moncton..... 20

Things are getting desperate! Mac is up another 36 copies, leading all others by nearly 200. This is a big order, and will take a deal of beating. Well done, Mac!

The battle rages hotly between the next four heroes. Evidently more than one is bent on being second, and consider Bell easier of disposal than Mac. Brass, of Brantford, has made a balloon, I mean booming ascent, soaring up until 220 copies is reached, when he rests a while. Do you intend rising still higher? We do not ask you to brag (or) but rather to hold on to your well-earned position, and avoid that pastime which is becoming so common among balloonists (namely, parachute descent).

Mrs. H. is down 15 on previous total, but is still only 10 from her accustomed place, which is a most worthy third. What say I shall Woodstock be fourth, and only 15 more to recover the lost honors? Ho! for merry Woodstock town! Up and at it!

St. George and merry England was the battle-cry of the old-time heroes as they rushed to the fray. That must be changed now to St. George (no) and Joseph Dunkley. "Not very poetic, did you say? Perhaps not, but true, nevertheless. Only a new opening in the Isle of Lilies, but it has already furnished us a hero whose 200 copies prove him to be a boomer of no mean merit. Say, Joseph, dost thou see Bell's gauntlet before thee, as if to challenge to deadly combat? Upon whom shall Bermuda's championship honors fall? List! the trumpets blare, the steeds prance forward to the tourney! St. George's and merry Dunkley!

Mrs. Crossman, of Moncton, is just



## WAR CRY RACE.

NAME.....

(Give rank, if any, whether local or official.)

Corps.....

Province.....

Sold, outside the Barracks..... War Cry for week

ending Saturday.....

Countersigned.....

Commanding Officer.

NOTE.—Fill out this Form and send it to the Editor regularly every week. Failure in this disqualifies the racer.

provokingly in front of Lieutenant Phillips of Butte, with one copy. How trying! but there, it's no use being cross, man! What's that you say? "Lieut. Phillips is not a man!" Even so, it's no use being a cross (wo) man.

Winnipeg's honours have been wrested from her, and Cadet Lewellyn, of St. John I., N. B., leads our divinity students this week. Now then, Cadet Extrane, be zealous in well-doing; let us hear from you. Your total last week was ahead of Lewellyn's this. That ought to encourage you.

There is not much to choose between the next half-dozen. The renowned Dora, of Picton, leads the batch, closely followed by Coolen, of St. John I., with Dickens, Green, Morrison and Adjutant Alkenhead close up. McDougall, of Goderich, has crossed the 100, and stands smiling serenely the other side the line with 1 copy to spare.

You are not far from the hundred, Lieutenant Smith. What do you say to the other 8 copies? Cannot the Central furnish a hero or heroine who shall do the Province a booming credit? F. P. thinks so. z z z

The eightys are well represented, having in their regiment such well-known names as Cowan, Bloss, Peers, Bradbury, the renowned Van Camp, Held, Stalger, and McNaney, Noble eighty's!

Welcome to a worthy place on our Boomers' Roll, Mrs. Sheddin, Hamilton I. bath need of thee? What has become of that man of (Brass) war, who totalled such an excellent 90 last week? We miss him. "Just tell him that we sought him."

The fifties look up well, as also do the forties. Our list is quite encouraging, and as we gaze down the Roll, the Editorial heart is cheered, and were it not for the well-nigh tropic temperature of the Editorial sanctum, it would be difficult to say to what lengths the F. P. might wander on commenting, praising, noting the achievements of our Boomers.

"War Cry all sold, and we are ready for the new ones!" So writes Van Camp. You shall have them as fast as we can turn them out. 'Tis a healthy sign when "Cry" are scarce

on the Sunday. Shows some one's been a-booming of 'em. Another welcome epistle tells of new customers being secured all over the city. Shall be glad of more such introductions.

We have received a poetic effusion from a comrade down Montreal way. The theme is a worthy one, since 'tis of boomers, but 'tis scarcely the calibre of things we need. Let us have those Comrades' testimonials in prose, and if possible, send photos as well, and they shall have a good show in the columns of the dear old "Cry."



AGGIE MCCANN.  
A Stratford War Cry Seller.

We shall be glad if Boomers, when sending in number of "Cry" sold for one week, would state whether the number given is the total, or the average for each week. For instance, one Comrades reports "2 weeks—25 Crys." Does that mean a total of 25 for two weeks, or two weeks, 25 each? This may seem a strange question to ask, but it arises from F. P.'s desire to report sales accurately. Deal gently with poor F. P.

Shall we all forget our "Crys" for a few moments, with the subsequent work and rush and boom in our efforts to sell out, and join together in singing one old-time verse:

"Enlarge, inflame and fill my heart  
 With boundless charity divine,  
 So shall I all my strength exert  
 And love them with a zeal like Thine,  
 And lead them to Thy open side,  
 The sheep for whom the Shepherd died."

Yours affectionately,  
 "FOUNTAIN PEN."

## Newfoundland News.

Hants Harbour reports eight souls. Major and Mrs. MacMillan, with Little Norman, visited Trinity and had grand meetings. Dildo reports victory. Comrades working on the new railway hold meetings and souls are being saved.

Special cheap Railway Tickets for the Toronto Fall Meetings will be issued by the different Railroad Companies' agents.

## Central Ontario IMPRE

On His First Vi  
 Oshawa, Whit

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## Central Ontario's Chancellor's IMPRESSIONS

On His First Visit to Bowmanville, Oshawa, Whitby and Brooklin.

### BOWMANVILLE.

I was a stranger, so I suppose excited the usual criticism. However, I went to bless my Comrades—that is a worthy work. Perhaps some one will say, "You should have gone to save souls!" So I did. Who shall say to what extent I succeeded in so doing in the above work. I think the reason so few sinners are converted is because many of our own people want converting from ugly ways, inconsistency, hard feelings, worldly tastes in dress, and cowardice, as shown in the lack of service. Where God has a suitable people, He never fails to work mighty things.

A word to my Bowmanville Comrades: you should do more work on the streets; should be more often at the meetings; should wear more uniform; should sing the songs of Zion more on the marches. Oh, for more heat and fervour, dash and fire! Has the fire gone out? If so, get it back, and then you'll make the Devil cry. Thank God for one dear old man. Through his tears he caught the Salvation of his soul; and one young woman, who came back to her Saviour.

I must take Mrs. Millice with me the next time I go, which I hope won't be long.

### OSHAWA.

What a lovely barracks! so suitable; a nice town, not lacking in enterprise. My first meeting in Oshawa. Had heard a great deal about the place, and a little about the people. I read to them about Jesus going through the towns and villages preaching the Kingdom.

### 25 cts. for the Old Flag.

It was "Jesus, Lover of my soul." As we sing, a gentleman pressed his way through, with his pipe in his mouth, and asked a question in my hand, and with a peculiar pathos in his words said: "That's for the old song!" We never know the powerful and tender associations the memories of the old songs stir in many people who have now grown hard in sin.

In that meeting, one woman, a thorough backslider, returned to her Saviour. He it known everywhere. I especially like to see backsliders returning. To my Oshawa Comrades, I say, stand together! there are breeches in the line. LOVE ONE ANOTHER!

### WHITBY.

Here we had a good open-air, earnest listeners. May the Truth have gone home! We had the Methodist School-Room for our use. Thanks to the ministers and deacons! A good time.

### BROOKLIN.

A splendid gathering here for the size of the place; good feeling, and God present to bless. Many young people there and very earnest. I want very much to go back and give them a week-end. A very hearty response in the shape of an offering. Look up, Brooklin! We don't forget you at the P. H. Q. Office! THOS. ARNOLD, Staff-Captain.

**MORE NEWS!** There will be a Staff change in October, probably just after the big meetings. Some promotions are floating about. For instance, Lieutenant — is made Captain; Lieutenant — ditto; Brother —, Lieutenant. But we must not be too premature. Names will doubtless be revealed next week. Then there are to be some field changes. Captain Creamer, assisted by Captain Way, takes charge of Oshawa. Captain Brooks will lead on the Mother Corps. Captain Slater goes to Dundas. Captain Dodge assists at the Toronto Shelter. If we could disclose the names of the Lieutenants to be promoted, then would follow their appointments. But "wait, meekly wait!"

—Mrs. Read will visit Hamilton shortly for special meetings. —The Brigadier, Mrs. Read and P. H. Q. Staff will conduct weekly Friday Holiness Conventions at the Temple during the coming Fall and Winter. —Captain Crawford of Brampton, has completely broken down physically and has had to take a tuck. Pray for his restoration! —Mr. Crawford, M. P. P., and Staff-Inspector Archibald spoke in glowing terms of the Army's work at Lisgar Street Harvest Festival.

The East Ontario Jubilee Quintette evidently made a mark at Port Hope. If we are to judge by the warm acknowledgment of the "Hornet" Froes, Ensign Fox says the Band took immensely.



Tune—"Stand Up For Jesus" with the chorus to the tune "The Day of Victory's Coming," etc.

1 Clean hands, pure hearts are needed  
To battle 'gainst Hell's hosts,  
Commands Divine unheeded  
Make many leave their posts.  
When interest is waning,  
Soul-saving work goes slow,  
Then Soldiers cease proclaiming  
That Christ does peace bestow.

### Chorus.

The blessing of a clean heart is what such people need (repeat 3 times)  
This blessing, full and glorious, is for ALL.

Some have the gift of speaking,  
Some have the gift of song;  
And yet they may be lacking  
The power to make them strong.  
They may wear Army uniforms,  
And march the streets as well,  
But still be bound by fetters  
And held by Satan's spell.

A precious, cleansing Fountain  
Was opened years gone by;  
Christ died on Calvary's mountain,  
That no life may be dry.  
His blood can scatter darkness,  
His power can life impart;  
Then, Comrades, seek this treasure—  
The gift of a CLEAN HEART.

### Last Chorus.

The blessing of a clean heart will give you peace and power (Repeat)  
And keep you free from carelessness and fear.

### Brigadier Read.

Tune—Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By;  
Stella, Euphony, B. J. 138, 1;  
Eaton, B. J. 167, 2.

2 Would Jesus have the sinner die?  
Why hangs He then on yonder cross?  
What means that strange expiring cry?  
Sinner He prays for you and me,  
"Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive them!"  
They know not that by Me they live!"

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,  
And bathe and wash them with my tears;  
The story of Thy love repeat  
In every drooping sinner's ears,  
That all may hear the quickening sound,  
Since I can I have mercy found.

Oh, let Thy love my heart constrain—  
Thy love for every sinner free;  
That every fallen soul of man  
May taste the grace that found out  
Thee, O Jesus!

That all mankind with me may prove  
Thy sovereign, everlasting love.

### Tune—B. J. 4.

3 Soldiers of our God arise!  
The day is drawing nearer;  
Shake the slumber from your eyes,  
The light is growing clearer.

Sit no longer idly by,  
While the heedless millions die;  
Lift the blood-stained banner high,  
And take the field for Jesus.

### Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down, bring them down!  
Storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down, bring them down!  
Pull down the devil's kingdom,  
Where'er he holds dominion;  
Go, storm the forts of darkness,  
Bring them down!  
Glory, honour to the Lamb,  
Praise and power to the Lamb,  
Glory, honour, praise, and power,  
Be for ever to the Lamb!

See the brazen hosts of hell,  
Art and power employing;  
More than human tongue can tell,  
Blood-bought souls destroying.  
Hark! from ruin's ghastly road  
Victims groan beneath their load;  
Forward! oh ye sons of God,  
And dare or die for Jesus!

Warriors of the Bleeding Lamb,  
Army of Salvation,  
Spread the fame of Gilead's Balm,  
Conquer every nation!  
Raise the glorious standard higher,  
Strike for victory, never fire;  
Onward march with blood-and-fire,  
And win the world for Jesus!

Tune—B. R. 11, and B. J. 228.

4 Come, join our Army, to battle we go,  
Jesus will help us to conquer the foe.  
Defending the right and opposing the wrong,  
The Salvation Army is marching along!

### Chorus.

Marching along, we are marching along  
The Salvation Army is marching along!  
Soldiers of Jesus be valiant and strong,  
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Come, join our Army and enter the field,  
The Sword of the Spirit with strong faith we wield;  
Our armour is bright and our weapons are strong—  
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Come, join our Army, the foe we defy,  
True to our colors, we'll fight till we die;  
"Saved from all sin" is our war-cry  
and song—  
The Salvation Army is marching along.

Come, join our Army, and do not delay,  
The time for enlisting is passing away;  
The battle is raging, the victory will come—  
The Salvation Army is marching along!

Tunes—Auld Lang Syne, B. J. 37, 1;  
or, The Judgment Day, B. J. 65, 1.  
5 The Lord, He is my God indeed,  
My Saviour from all sin,  
My mighty shield in times of need,  
Who still does victory win.

### Chorus.

Oh, sing the Heavenly Shepherd's love,  
So great, so vast, so deep,  
He left the joys of Heaven above,  
To save the wandering sheep.

Full oft have devils, darts and stones  
Cast straight at me from hell,  
And yet my grateful spirit owns,  
Christ stayed them ere they fell.

He is the Strong Deliverer still,  
Conqueror of sin and death;  
Therefore, His praise my mouth shall fill,  
As long as I have breath.

Tunes—What's the News? B. J. 12,  
3; There is a Better World, B. J. 11, 3,  
1; Come to Me, B. J. 102, 2.

6 Behold, behold the Lamb of God,  
On the Cross!  
For us He shed His precious blood  
On the Cross.  
Oh, hear His all-important cry;  
"Why perish, blood-bought sinner—  
why?"

Draw near and see your Saviour die  
On the Cross!

Come, sinners, see Him lifted up  
On the Cross;  
He drinks for you the bitter cup,  
On the Cross.

The rocks do round the mountains quake,  
While Jesus doth Salvation make—  
While Jesus suffers for our sake,  
On the Cross.

Where'er I go I'll tell the story  
Of the Cross;  
In nothing else my soul shall glory,  
Save the Cross!

Yes, this my constant theme shall be,  
Through time and in eternity,  
That Jesus tasted death for me  
On the Cross.

Tunes—Redemption, B. R. 82; Warfare,  
B. J. 101, 2; Why Not To-  
Night? B. J. 131, 1; Eternity, B. J. 25, 3.

7 I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God,  
To wash me in Thy cleansing Blood,  
To dwell within Thy wounds: then pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

### Chorus.

Oh! I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood!  
Oh, I'm glad there is cleansing in the Blood!  
Tell the world—all the world—  
There is cleansing in the Saviour's Blood.

Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever closed to all but Thee;  
Soul Thine my breast, and let me wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

## West Ontario Province.

### Woodstock, Ont.

For the week-end we had with us and were greatly blessed and aided by the presence of Mrs. Major Southall. In a wonderful manner did the Lord help us. And on Sunday morning one dear soul let go everything and got the victory. Night meeting—powerful time. Subject, "Harvest Home. Monday night the sale of the goods. We had a march, which represented "The Farmer," big crowd in the barracks. Everything sold well. Ice-Cream in great demand; and at the close we felt more than ever like singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." J. P. Reg. Cor.

### Ingersoll.

"Friends, when I started it was not for a day or a week, but for life," says one dear Comrade, and that's the kind of thing we love to hear. Looking round we see many of our number who are as brands plucked from the burning, but the black has come off. Praise the Lord! "They tell me I look ten years younger since I got saved," says another; while one and all are pressing on rejoicing in our Saviour's love. M. K.

### Strathroy.

Special meetings Sunday. Captain Smith with us; splendid times. Truly the presence of God was felt. Two souls knelt at the Cross. Crowds very fair. Jesus proclaimed in His purity draws the crowds—d. Fynn.

### Blenheim.

Re Harvest Festival, Captain Never-Give-In and her faithful Lieutenant Hunter were determined not to be left in the shade; so with hard work and plenty of push they succeeded in not only reaching their target of twenty-five dollars, but going two over, thus beating any previous year by six dollars. War Crys went like hot-cakes. None left for Sunday the last two weeks—eighty in all.—Ina Groom, for Captain McIntyre.

### Chatham District Doling.

You will rejoice to hear that the Chatham Corps have gone over their Harvest Festival Target. We closed our effort on Wednesday 5th September 1st, having everything completely sold out. On Wednesday, September 1st, having everything completely sold out. We found the late season and early dates set were against us in gathering in abundance, but the prices realized (especially on produce) were the best I ever saw. They more than balance this effort. Of course we had the proverbial difficulties. Some of them of an exceptional character, yet God stood by us, giving the victory. Hallelujah! My new wheel, which by the way is a Chicago "tumbler," high grade, with 30 gear, did excellent service in my collecting and coaching. My card showing \$36.35, besides kind. Other kind workers, with lesser amounts, worked as hard and as faithful. Best of all, we had 63 souls at the Harvest Festival meetings.

Our Band (Chatham) is growing in numbers and improving in music under the able teacher, Professor Phillips. Our music journals run to 339, and they are practising hard for the Toronto meetings. Captain Coy, of Tilbury, writes \$5.00 over the Harvest Festival Target. Blenheim to Ridgeway will smash theirs also. Yours in the War. W. Archibald, D. O.

### Amherstburg.

Cheered by a two days' visit from Dr. Logan and wife; we had a lively time. Crowded barracks; finances grand; interest stirred. Harvest Festival just completed. \$40.00! Target broken. Determined on victory.—H. E. Collier and Fred Gatzke, C. O.

### Palmerston.

We are still fighting and intend to conquer. We have had a saved souther for two weeks and he has just left us today. Adjutant and Mrs. Myles, who have been in charge of the District for four months, are farewelling. You may depend upon Palmerston Soldiers to fight. Hoping you will hear from us often! (Amen)—Ed.—Lieutenant Baird.

### Ingersoll.

Glory to God! Harvest Festival magnificent victory. The Target, \$62.50—gone out of sight, while the week-end meetings have been splendid in crowds, interest and finances. Juniors almost doubled amount of Harvest. Staff-Captain Turner with us, and gave lecture on his trip to England and the Crystal Palace. The Officers have been two models of Salvation industry and hard work, shelling none of the hardness. We are delighted and are in again for fighting the devil.—M. K., Reg. Cor.

CE.

War Cry for week

Commanding Officer.

Regularly every week.

Shows some one's been  
em. Another welcome  
of new customers being  
er the city. Shall be glad  
introductions.

received a poetic effusion  
made down Montreal way,  
a worthy one, since 'tis  
out 'tis sincerely the calthe  
need. Let us have those  
stimulants in prose, and if  
photos as well, and they  
good show in the columns  
old "Cry."



THOS. ARNOLD,  
Staff-Captain.

glad if Boomers, when  
number of "Crys" sold for  
one week, would state  
number given is the total  
Comrades reports "2 weeks  
does that mean a total of  
two, or two weeks, 26 each  
and reports from P. P.'s  
art sales accurately. Deal  
oor P. P.

forget our "Crys" for a  
with the subsequent  
and boom in our efforts  
d join together in singing  
verse:

and fill my heart  
less charity divine,  
my strength exert  
with a zeal like Thine  
n to Thy open side  
for whom the Shepherd

ours affectionately,  
"FOUNTAIN PEN."

## Land News.

our reports eight soul  
Little MacMillan, with Little  
and Trinity and had grand  
ed reports victory. Com-  
g on the new railway  
s and souls are being

Railway Tickets for the  
meetings will be issued by  
the Grand Companies a return  
fare, plus 25 cents

## North-West Province.

**Mandan.**  
We are having victory. After the meeting Saturday night, one dear man felt so deeply convicted that he came forward and we knelt down with him and had another prayer-meeting. Now he claims Christ as his Saviour. Two out for holiness, Sunday.  
Sergeant-Major Mitchell.

**Edmonton.**  
We had the pleasure of welcoming Captain Perkins into our Circle, who, by the way, has been ill for quite a while, but is joyful because God has again restored her to health and strength. We are in to smash our Harvest Festival Target. Believing for souls. Victory is ours. Praise God!  
H. Kreiger, Cor.

**Larimore, N.D.**  
Meetings are packed every night. There are hundreds of men here. We have to rejoice over some of them being brought to Jesus, the sinner's Friend. Lieutenant and myself visited the road last Sunday, and talked to the prisoners of the love of Jesus and His willingness to save. Truly, as one of them said, "The way of the transgressor is hard." We are praying that God will help us to bring many more to Himself.—Capt. Annie Hurst.  
We are still pressing forward. Harvest Festival drawing near. We feel that success is waiting us. War Cry all sold every week. Two more souls out for Salvation last week. Praise God! Yours for the War,—  
James W. Coombs.

**Moosemin.**  
Good time Sunday. One young man sought the Saviour at night. Several more in pickle. Soldiers fight valiantly.—R. Jarvis, Captain; L. Smith, Lieutenant.

**Moose Jaw.**  
\$7.40 ON THE DRUMHEAD.  
Our open-air are exceptionally good. Sunday's morning's drumhead collection amounted to \$7.40, which isn't bad for old despoiled (C) Moose Jaw.  
J. H. Midgagh, R. C.

## Pacific Province.

**Dillon, Mont.**  
One soul found Jesus and was freed from the chains of sin.

**Livingston.**  
We are in for war in this place. Open-air meetings well attended. People are much interested in the work. The Comrades are getting along real well, and we are in for a good harvest time in Livingston. Yours in the fight,  
M. A. Wale, Ensign.

**Helena, Mont.**  
"That's the latest! What is that? Masquerade ball!" we heard some people say. Last Saturday the Local Corps here held a Nationality Meeting. About twelve different countries were represented in proper style. A meeting of that sort had never been on the programme yet. The story of the Cross had never been told in such a manner. Therefore the people of Helena were not a little surprised to see us marching the streets in our costumes. An immense crowd gathered around our open-air ring. Our Barracks was filled up to the last seat. People who never listened to the Salvation Army before were attracted by this our special effort. Finances very good. May the Lord keep us true and faithful is the desire of our hearts. Amen!  
Prospects for Harvest Festival very good.—Willie Arnold.

**Roseland, B.C.**  
Glory to God! The Lord is keeping us fighting in this city. During the past week we have had souls for our hire. Praise His name! We gave our new Officers a hearty welcome. Their good singing is much appreciated by the crowds who attend our meetings, especially in the open-air. Faith high for Harvest Festival.  
W. H. Shillinglaw, Sergeant.

## WANTED AT ONCE!

## String Instrument Players.

Brigadier Read is forming a special Provincial String Band. All Local Officers or Soldiers playing autoharps, banjos, guitars, fiddles, etc., and willing to travel for God and souls, apply at once to the Brigadier, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets, Toronto. Applications must be sent immediately.



CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Twenty-one convicts sailed up to Champion Bay," said Archie, telling of what happened. "Eleven slept aft in the bows and ten forr'd. The eleven aft broke into the ship's cargo, which consisted of spirits and sundries. I knew nothing of this at first, but after a day or two a convict called me aside, and said, 'Archie, do you want a drink?'"

"Does a miser want money?" I replied. So he says, 'Come on down into the bows.' He handed me a bottle of 'Old Tom,' and I took a long, steady pull at it. We were all drinking before long, and we threw the empty bottles unobserved overboard. We were fourteen days on the water, and during this period I assisted the cook, and he gave me extra food, and a pint of 'Old Tom' every day. I got on very well. Two hours before we landed at Champion Bay the ship's officers looked over the cargo and found two cases of spirits missing. The captain went on shore half-an-hour before us. Goes to the resident magistrate, and charged the convicts with broaching the ship's cargo on the high seas and consuming two cases of spirits, valued at so much. The penalty for a crime like this was death. The twenty-one of us were arrested and taken before a magistrate. Of course we all denied it, and the case was remanded for fourteen days.

"The police were very active during this interval, trying to get a clear case against us, so that they might have a big hanging day."  
Whilst lying in my cell, I thought, 'Well, I've been in many a queer fix, but, somehow, I've always come off alright at the last, and after all these years, am I going to be hanged for complicity in

## Consuming Two Cases of Spirits?

Never, no never! It would be everlasting disgrace to any convict to be hanged for such a trifling affair. I've got it,' says I to myself. 'I'll get us all off scot free, and get the captain and crew arrested instead!'"

"And I laughed to myself for a whole week, 'dearly.'"  
When the case came up again before the magistrate, Archie was asked if he had anything to say in defence.  
"Yes, sir," said Archie. "I have. In the first place, the charge is not proven, and, in English law, the accused is entitled to the benefit of the doubt. You are morally and legally bound to try us on these lines. Secondly, we are innocent of the charge against us; but if there is a man who saw any one of us break into the ship's cargo, let him come forward and say so."  
"No one come forward? Certainly not! But I have come forward myself, to make a definite statement and accusation to the effect that the captain and crew of the vessel are the persons who

## Broached the Cargo

on the sea, knowing at the time that they could easily throw the blame upon us poor convicts, because our word is never taken, and because our lives are of less value than a dog's."

"Silence!" said the magistrate. "This is very serious language!"  
"Yes, sir," continued Archie, "it is; and, what is more serious, I can prove my words. I helped the cook on the voyage, sir, and he gave me a tumblerful of rum every day. Now, sir, I know that when a seaman signs articles before entering upon an engagement, there is nothing said about an allowance of spirits, and I know that the cook, out of his small wages—because he told me how much he got—cannot afford to drink six bottles of rum every week."

At this stage of the trial, the captain, fearing that the case would go against him, asked the magistrate to hinder the matter, as he wished to withdraw from the prosecution.  
"Oh, no, no, my dear sir!" said the magistrate, firmly; "we administer justice in this court, not favour!"  
The captain's request had aroused

## The Magistrate's Suspicions.

He believed that Archie was speaking

the truth, and refused to quash the case.

"Have you any further statements to make?" the magistrate asked Archie.

"Yes, sir. The whole crew had a liberal supply of rum each day. They all seemed to be in this plot against us poor devils! Is it any wonder, sir, that two cases of spirits were missing? We are innocent of this charge, though, of course, I drank about a pint of rum a day, which the cook gave me, though I had no idea at that time where he got it from."

This concluded the case, and the magistrate, a just man, was thoroughly deceived. Archie's able defence had convinced the magistrate that the captain and crew of the vessel were

## The Real Culprits.

The conclusion, satisfied Archie beyond all expression. The captain was fined £200; the cook was sentenced to three months' imprisonment; the twenty-one convicts were discharged. The convict depot at Champion Bay was a bush-hut to accommodate fifty convicts.

The superintendent had full particulars in writing, of the characters of Archie Sloss and the "Snake-cater." They were sent for into his presence, and after looking the two men up and down, said: "We are going to tame you. We'll make you as tame as a horse or a dog. We never throw away any good advice on the likes of you."

## Chains, Floggings and Six Feet Drips

have wonderful effects on animals like you. I have the character of being a very severe man. Be careful. Don't act the fool in these parts. It's quick work when I go round on the war-path. There's a graveyard out there. Better men than you are buried there. They all died sudden of broken necks. Let this be a warning to you both. We'll keep you here a few days to show you behave, and if you live over this period we'll send you up country to make roads for the Government."

Archie laughed immoderately at this awful warning. It sounded so ridiculous to him. The fear of death and the judgment had long since left him. In a short time, Archie Sloss, the untamed convict, was to rise to the height of his devilry, and become a leader of convicts as wicked as himself.

"Ten of us were sent up country to Four Mile Camp," said Archie, speaking of the events of this period. "I was now determined to be a

## Free Man Forever.

I got all my brother convicts to join my standard, and one morning we knocked a few warders down, left them helpless, took their clothes and guns, and escaped into the bush. We joined a gang of bushrangers, and got the name of the 'Forty Thieves.'

"It was terrible rough work, even in those rough days. We 'held up' all the squatters' farms round about—that is, we stole whatever wanted—horses, cattle, sheep, firearms, clothes, crops, anything."

"The Government offered a reward for our capture. A price was set on our lives, and this made us more desperate than ever."

## A more

## Dreadful Set of Men

I never saw in my life. We were more desperate and more dangerous than wild beasts of prey."

The law of degeneration was well illustrated in these men's lives. They were no longer men with a moral nature, but were devils personified, the result of years of habitual sins. Human passions had been allowed to run loose and annihilated all sense of righteousness.

Any attempt to think and act rightly was perfect torture. Transgression was their chief pleasure.

At last the "Forty Thieves" became such a scourge to the country that mounted police were sent out to scour the country and try to discover the headquarters of the gang.

(To be Continued.)

## WANTED—VOLUNTEERS.

A few good musicians, well saved, and willing to work for the Salvation of souls for West Ontario Brass and String Band. Musicians are desired to give three months' service for mere expenses about end of September. A good female violinist urgently needed. Also good brass instrumentalists. Apply immediately to

MAJOR SOUTHALL,  
Salvation Citadel,  
London, Ont.

## Promoted to Glory.

We have received news of the death of the child of our Comrades, Mr. and Mrs. Saulias, of Hamilton, Br. The funeral was conducted by Adjutant Mathews, Captain Welsh and Carter. May God comfort the bereaved parents.

We have also been asked to announce the death of the Rev. Wm. H. Desmarais, who was drowned while bathing in Nicolet River. He was only ordained in June, 1896, so his earthly ministry was indeed brief. He leaves one sister to mourn his loss.

Sister Brown, of Westleyville, Nfld., when told she was nearing the river, she smiled and said, "Yes, but I'm not afraid to launch away." Her husband has but lately become a Soldier, and to him she said, "I should so much like to see you in uniform before I go home." God comfort the sorrowing husband.

Captain Wilson, of Little Current, reports the death of Comrade Charles Gakagawandah Shegundah. The funeral service was conducted in the English Church. He leaves a wife and two children. May He who has promised to be a husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless, befriend them!



"Mother" Jordan, Lippincott.

MOTHER JORDAN, an old warrior of Lippincott Corps, has gone home. Over fifty years' service she rendered to her Lord. Since 1834, Mother Jordan, with her husband, had been faithful Soldiers of the Salvation Army. Very tellingly indeed do the Soldiers speak of her example and influence in the Corps. Ensign Yerex, speaking of her, says: "She suffered much during her last illness, and sometimes was very much tempted and tried, but the God in whom she had trusted for years did not fail her. The end came suddenly; no time to say goodbye, no time to leave a message for loved ones far away; the chariot lowered, and without a sigh her spirit took its flight. We gave her an Army funeral, and laid her away with a sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection. At her Memorial Service, several spoke of the blessing she had been to them. Although none yielded then, five have been converted since. Dear old Dad Jordan is left to fight on God's side and sustain him!"

Instead of keeping ice in a dish, where it will quickly melt, to flannel loosely on the dish so that it drops into the bowl, and keep the ice in a flannel bag.

LOANS.  
LOANS.  
LOANS.

ANY PERSON having money to invest would do well to write to Territorial Headquarters for information. We can offer most reliable security with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from  
STAFF-CAPT. SMEETON,  
Albert St. Toronto.

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